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The Eagle

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THE EAGLE

In the chill orange light
of the suggestion of fires
our leaders are convening.
They are meeting
like a field in a wind,
and hush, or stir, or part
with the ache of great reluctance.
Listen to the cry.
One of the leaders is remembering.
He remembers America.
He remembers himself.
He was as fine
and as polished as a Chrysler.
He insists. He demands.
He says
“We didn’t say shit.”
And who is to say.

Across everything there is silence.
Nothing done, nothing said.
Who wants anyone to die.
Who wants anyone killed.
Only a child—and so young,
he won’t say it.
He is dying.
All he thinks of is living.
Sometimes he can only perspire.
The country is swelling in him.
He is ready to fall open.
He is ready for the one cold night
when his breath escapes him
and trembles in the air,
and is an eagle,
and is what is being done to him,
and is what killed him.